THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 1942 *Saturday, March* 1, 1828 *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

THE third Lent Oratorio was, last night, given at this Theatre;—it consisted of a well arranged Selection of Antient and Modern Music, and was admirably performed. Madame Pasta, Miss Paton, Miss Love, and Braham, were the leading attractions, each singing some of their favourite airs. Pasta was as brilliant as ever in "Di tanti palpiti," and the audience seemed to delight in it as much as if they had heard it for the first time. Miss Paton sang a Scottish air, written for her, we understand, by Mr. Freeman, and composed by Alexander Lee, called "Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee."

A Meeting will take place on Tuesday next, in the Saloon of Drury Theatre, to adopt measures for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers by the dreadful calamity at the Brunswick.—This is noble, Mr. Price.

Plot of the new Farce, entitled The Invincibles.

During a Carnival in the South of France, Captain Florvil resolves to visit his mistress, Juliette, who in the absence of her father, Dorvil, is committed to the care of General Verdun, the Commandant, who detecting the attempt to steal out Juliette in his hat and cloak, sends the Captain and six of his brother officers to a fortress, garrisoned by two French, and an Irish veteran, respectively wanting an eye, a leg, and an arm. New uniforms of the *Invincibles* being in the General's house, the ladies, and their companions, equip themselves as soldiers, and march as a reinforcement to the garrison, where they are appointed jailors to their lovers. The General discovers the elopement—his ward is demanded at his hands, by Dorval, who agrees to bestow her on Florvil, as the price of discovering her to him. By way of reproof, however, for wearing the inexpressibles, a feigned attack is made by the lovers, now released by the General, in the character of Algerines, and, after a hearty fright of the Invincibles, all parties are satisfied. The acting of Fawcett and Madame Vestris, as *General Verdun* and *Victoire;* of Power, Bartley, and Meadows, in the characters of *O'Slash, Brusque*, and *Tactique*, and the singing of Mr. Wood and Miss Cawse, did justice to excellent opportunities—The audience were, however, most delighted by the perfect exercise of the female corps, a circumstance which actually made us tremble for the supremacy of the male sex.—The Music, by Mr. Alexander Lee, called forth the warmest applause from all parts of the house.

BRUNSWICK THEATRE—*Mr. Percy Farren's Statement.*—"I was sitting on the outside of Mr. Maurice's box, (which is on a level with the stage) speaking to him concerning the entertainments for Monday

next (this was about twenty minutes past eleven). The performers standing on the stage to begin the Opera of *Guy Mannering*—a crash directed my attention to the roof of the building, and I saw the lustre falling. Mr. Maurice rushed to the centre, and I clung to the pillar of the proscenium A minute did not elapse when the whole fell—not by pieces, but *en masse*, and entirely swept all before it, boxes, scenes, stage, and actors. A cloud of dust for a second obscured my view; but, when perception returned, I found that the opposite pillar, and that part of the box to which I clung, alone remained; the rest of the edifice was a mingled mass of iron, timber, and bricks. I now distinguished that Miss Yates, by some extraordinary preservation, was making her way towards me, covered with blood, streaming from her head, and imploring me to save her. I dragged her over the box, where we remained completely blocked in for near half an hour.—At the expiration of that period, I distinguished three or four carpenters wading through the rubbish to gain the street, for the front wall having fallent a passage—a fearful one 'tis true, was left, by clambering over the ruins. Upon inquiry, I was told that our present security was very frail, and that I should endeavour to escape. I did so, and after some difficulty contrived to get her over the ruins, in doing which, I need not describe my horror at finding one of the resting places for my foot was the face of an unfortunate sufferer, of the name of Gilbert. However, as if by miracle, I *did* escape, and, as far as my inquiries lead, the only person entirely unhurt who did so. I then went to apprize my friends of my safety."

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town. Now, may I beg the favor—pardon the liberty—never liked to be troublesome—but would you be so kind, from time to time—just for the information of my friends—as to allow your most useful Periodical to become the channel for announcing to them where I may be met with on the several days of the week. Monday—I saunter to the *Diorama*, where one is most agreeably lost in a Fog, and where we can, in imagination, ramble to St. Cloud, and the Environs of Paris. About two I pop in to see Mr. Burford's Marine Panorama of the *Battle of Navarino*, Strand—awfully grand—the din of war and conflagation is truly alarming—Britons bulwark—love our navy. Tuesday—I loiter about the Quadrant—generally drop in at my old friend *Alexander Lee's* Music Warehouse—think it very superb—find him busy composing a new Opera. Wednesday I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops; but the *Microscopic* Wonders, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. Afterwards I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in the same street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Work shop.—On Thursday—I qualify Mrs. P—'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 and 4 o'clock at the *Apollonicon*; and on our return, sometimes, drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* beautiful Needle-Work. Friday I wandered as far as the city—met Young Rodwell—told me his last new Song of *Stop Thief; or, the Stolen Heart* sells prodigiously—promised to go hear his Music in *Paris and London*—liked it very much—perceive it's published—sure to sell. On Saturday, I pop into Drury Green-room, to compliment Miss Love, on her double encore, in the new song, '*Love from the Heart*'—gave me a copy—courtesied—charming girl—arranged by Sidney Waller—laugh an hour; and then—but I intrude—beg pardon. Your's, PAUL PRY.

P.S. When any new arrangement occurs, will let you know.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, The Comedy of

The Poor Gentleman

Sir Robert Bramble, Mr DOWTON,
Lieutenant Worthington .....Mr COOPER,
Frederick Bramble, Mr JONES,
Stephen Harrowby.....Mr HARLEY,
Ollapod, Mr MATHEWS,
Corporal Foss.....Mr LISTON,
Sir Charles Cropland, Mr HOOPER,
Warner, Mr THOMPSON, Valet, Mr HONNOR,
Humphrey Dobbins, Mr WEBSTER,
Farmer Harrowby.....Mr SHERWIN.

Emily Worthington, Miss E. TREE,
Miss Lucretia Mac Tab.....Mrs DAVISON,
Dame Harrowby, Mrs FIELD, Mary, Miss NICOL.

After which, the Farce of

THE CRITIC.

Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr MATHEWS, Dangle, Mr HOOPER,
Puff, Mr JONES, Sneer, Mr COOPER,
Under Prompter, Mr C. JONES, Mrs Dangle, Mrs KNIGHT.
Whiskerandos, Mr LISTON, Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr VARNOLD,
Lord Burleigh, Mr BARNES, Beef-eater, Mr J. RUSSELL,
Sir Christopher Hatton, Mr YOUNGE, Leicester, Mr THOMPSON.
Tilburina, Mrs ORGER, Confidant, Mrs C. JONES.
First Niece.....Miss NICOL, Second Niece.....Miss PINCOTT.

On Monday, Isabella; Isabella, Mrs Duff, (from the Dublin Theatre)

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XUM

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, the Farce of

The Antiquary.

Jonathan Oldbuck.....Mr W. FARREN,
Caxon, Mr BLANCHARD,
Hector M'Intyre..... .....Mr DIDDEAR,
Lord Glenallon, Mr EGERTON,
Sir A. Wardour, Mr EVANS, Lovel, Mr DURUSET,
Edie Ochiltree; Mr BARTLEY,
Saunders Mucklebacket, (Fisherman) Mr FARLEY,
Steven and Pattie, Mr Henry & Master Watson,
Taffril, Mr HORREBOW, Robert, Mr ATKINS,
Leslie, Mr MEARS, Sweepclean, Mr TURNOUR.

Miss Isabella Wardour, Miss STEPHENS,
Who will introduce *'O no we never mention him,'—John Anderson, my Jo,'*—and *'Here's a Health to fair Scotland.'*—(A. Lee).
Miss M'Intyre, Miss H. CAWSE, who will introduce *'Sly Cupid.'*
Miss Griselda Oldbuck, Mrs DAVENPORT,
Maggie....Mrs HUDSON, Jenny....Mrs DALY,
Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, Mrs FAUCIT.

After which, (2nd time) a new Farce, called

The Invincibles.

The Overture and Music composed and Selected by Mr. A. Lee.

General Verdun, Mr FAWCETT,
Chev. Dorval, Mr BAKER, O'Slash, Mr POWER,
Brusque, Mr BARTLEY,
Captain Florvil.....Mr WOOD,
Tactique, Mr MEADOWS,
Frivole, Mr HORREBOW, Porter, Mr J. ISAACS.

Victoire, Madame VESTRIS,
Juliette.....Miss CAWSE,
Sophie, Miss J. SCOTT,
Elise, Miss GRIFFITHS, Desiré, Miss REED,
Therèse, Miss EGAN, Emilie, Mrs BROWN.

On Monday, Richard the Third.